

Lemmings (Including Cog)

Van der Graaf Generator

I stood alone upon the highest cliff-top
Looked down, around, and all that I could see
Were those that I would dearly love to share with
Crashing on quite blindly to the sea...
I tried to ask what game this was
But knew I would not play it
The voice, as one, as no-one, came to me...

'We have looked upon the heroes
And they are found wanting
We have looked hard across the land
But we can see no dawn
We have now dared to sear the sky
But we are still bleeding
We are drawing near to the cliffs
Now we can hear the call
The clouds are piled in mountain-shapes
There is no escape except to go forward
Don't ask us for an answer now
It's far too late to bow to that convention
What course is there left but to die?

We have looked upon the high Kings
Found them less than mortals
Their names are dust before the just
March of our young, new law
Minds stumbling strong, we hurtle on
Into the dark portal
No-one can halt our final vault
Into the unknown maw
And as the Elders beat their brows
They know that it is really far too late now to stop us
For if the sky is seeded death
What is the point in catching breath? Expel it!
What cause is there left but to die
In search of something we're not quite sure of?

What cause is there left but to die?
What cause is there left but to die?

What cause is there left but to die?

I really don't know why...

I know our ends may be soon
But why do you make them sooner?

Time may finally prove
Only the living move her and
No life lies in the quicksand

Yes I know it's
Out of control, out of control
Greasy machinery slides on the rails
Young minds and bodies on steel spokes impaled...
Cogs tearing bones, cogs tearing bones
Iron-throated monsters are forcing our screams
Mind and machinery box-press the dreams

But there still is time...

Cowards are they who run today
The fight is beginning...
No war with knives, fight with our lives
Lemmings can teach nothing
Death offers no hope, we must grope
For the unknown answer
Unite our blood, abate the flood
Avert the disaster...
There's other ways than screaming in the mob
That makes us merely cogs of hatred
Look to the why and where we are
Look to yourselves and the stars and in the end
What choice is there left but to live
In the hope of saving
Our children's children's little ones?

What choice is there but to live?
What choice is there but to live?
What choice is there but to live?
To save the little ones?

What choice is there left but to try?

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